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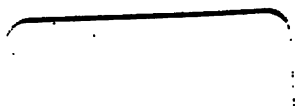
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PHROSYNE:

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GRECIAN TALE.

A L A S H T A R:

AN

ARABIAN TALE.

BY H. GALLY KNIGHT, ESQ.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems complete the series, of which ILDERIM formed a part.—They are meant to illustrate the scenery and manners of the respective countries in which the scene is laid.—The first is but too well founded on fact.—The second is purely imaginary, but authorities exist in nature for whatever is represented.

PHROSYNE was written in 1811—ALASHTAR, in 1813.—Accidental circumstances have, till now, delayed the publication.



PHROSYNE:

A GRECIAN TALE.

CANTO I.

GRECIA! though on thy heav'n-deserted shore
The virtues rest, and Freedom smiles no more:
From Paphian groves, and Pindus' beech-clad head,
Though ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace be fled—
Still glow the embers of thy fun'ral pyre 5
With fitful heat and momentary fire;
Still from the ashes springs a passing flame,
Proof and memorial of thine earlier fame:
Last sacred rays! that grace thee once again,
And teach the muse to 'wake the living strain. 10

Thron'd on a height, above th' Albanian lands,
 The Grecian city, Callirete, stands—
 Parent of hardy sons! who long withstood
 The rushing progress of the Othman flood;
 And still, protected by their rocks, retain 15
 Blessings unknown to Grecians of the plain.
 No turban'd soldier, with insulting frown,
 Stalks through their streets, or awes the trembling town:
 Respected still, th' unviolated right,
 Grecians alone possess the Grecian height: 20
 Still their own archons rule the little state,
 Improve the laws, and guard the city's fate;
 Still the loud bell, resounding through the air,
 Proclaims the worship, and invites to pray'r;
 And Liberty's and Pleasure's ev'ning ray 25
 Still on the favour'd mountain lov'd to play.
 Yearly the youthful of that hardy band,
 At Summer's call, desert their native land;
 Traders, or sailors, o'er the neighb'ring main
 They rove, and brave the danger for the gain. 30
 Hence wealth is theirs, to other Greeks unknown;
 Hence ampler minds, enlarg'd by these alone;

Hence darksome Winter is their hour of cheer—
 For when rejoicing Nature decks the year,
 Then the lone city, like a widow, stands 35
 Mourning her sons dispers'd in distant lands ;
 Th' exhausted elders, and the female train,
 Bold, but dejected, on the height remain.
 But, when stern Winter riots unconfin'd,
 Unleafs the forest, and unchains the wind, 40
 Then, as the cranes, that, (regularly true)
 At stated times, their homeward flight renew,
 The roving youth, ascending from the main,
 In jolly troops their craggy nest regain—
 And, whilst surrounding snows the heights invest, 45
 Joy's brightest Summer gilds the mountain's breast.
 Guarded by rocks, and floods that rush between,
 The Grecian's fortress on the height is seen :
 The whiten'd dwellings to the summit rise,
 Row above row, ascending to the skies. 50
 Three sides a gulph defends—and deep below
 Half lost to sight, resounding torrents flow.
 The one access, ascending from the plain,
 Winds, up the height, a narrow, sinuous, train :

So slight the path, it seems a slender thread, 55
 Destin'd alone for mountain goat to tread.

Nor e'er has fairer prospect met the sight,
 Than Spring unfolds around the magic height;
 When blooming Nature clothes the craggy piles,
 And Beauty, in the lap of Terror, smiles: 60

The rushing torrent, sparkling to the sun;
 The crystal streams, in deeper vales that run—
 The pines that, waving, clothe the summit's head;
 The groves of oak along the base that spread—
 The billowy sea of mountains toss'd around; 65
 The distant peak, with snows eternal crown'd:—

Oh! who has ever mark'd that scene so fair,
 Nor stood, entranc'd, in silent rapture there?

'Twas there, within those wild retreats entomb'd,
 A lovely maid, the young PHROSYNE, bloom'd— 70
 Last of a gen'rous race—the fairest flow'r
 Of Beauty's wreath in Beauty's native bow'r.

In other days her faultless form had been
 The sculptor's model for the Cyprian Queen:
 E'en now, when, sportive round, the mountain air, 75
 Fann'd the loose tresses of her auburn hair,

Wak'd on her roseate cheeks a brighter hue,
 And added lustre to her eyes of blue—
 E'en pausing Age a look of wonder cast,
 Stood still to gaze, and bless'd her as she past. 80
 Gentle as fair, unenvy'd as approv'd,
 Queen of a willing train, PHROSYNE mov'd;
 Pride of her sister nymphs and native height—
 Still seen, yet ever seen with fresh delight.
 Each household art that Grecian maids pursue, 85
 From her nice touch a rare perfection drew;
 And, when the finish'd task permitted play,
 Well in the dance PHROSYNE led the way,
 Tracing the maze that happier Grecians fram'd,
 In golden hours, by thraldom yet untam'd; 90
 And many a song, lamenting in its lay
 The lost delights of Freedom's brighter day,
 (Such lays as Greece, though vanquish'd, loves to hear,
 Then only sung when not a foe is near)
 PHROSYNE knew, and made the heart rejoice— 95
 Such feeling breath'd in that harmonious voice!
 Proud of the freedom that her mountains gave,
 In soul unfetter'd, if in blood a slave,

PHROSYNE roam'd her native heights among,
 And lov'd at large to lead the maiden throng. 100
 Then, if, beyond the bounds she never past,
 A wand'ring thought the child of Nature cast,
 'Twas only cast to mourn their hapless fate
 Who liv'd in bonds of tyranny or state.
 " Alas! how poor (the Grecian maiden cried) 105
 " How dearly bought the Turkish beauty's pride!
 " Through life, a splendid prison doom'd to share—
 " The gilded idol of Oppression's care!
 " From chance, not love, a wayward lord she gains,
 " Love's rosy wreaths transform'd to iron chains. 110
 " Breathes she the air?—disgusting guards surround,
 " And spies observe, and hated limits bound;
 " Broken each tender link, each kindred tie—
 " Rivals and slaves, her sole society.
 " To win a passing smile is all her art; 115
 " Her only triumph—a divided heart.
 " Can glitt'ring robes, that splendidly invest,
 " And hide, with woven gold, the aching breast!
 " Obedient nymphs that, at the sign, advance
 " To wake the music, or perform the dance; 120

“ The palace, rear’d in eastern grandeur, high ;
 “ Gardens, where Art with Nature strives to vie ;
 “ The incense, breathing through the leafy walls ;
 “ The fountains, dashing in the marble halls ;—
 “ Can joys like these (dull, listless train !) supply 125
 “ The loss of true-born love and liberty ?
 “ Oh ! happier far this free—this humble fate,
 “ Than golden chains—the trophies of the great :
 “ Here, as I list, I rove from hill to hill,
 “ And meet the breeze, and seek the shaded rill. 130
 “ Still may PHROSYNE sport and wander here,
 “ From pomp secure, and friendship ever near !”

Thus, as advanc’d PHROSYNE’S peaceful day,
 All eyes, and thoughts, and hearts, pursu’d her way ;
 But equal worth alone had pow’r to move, 135
 And only DEMO taught her heart to love—
 Son of a primate, who remain’d at home,
 And yearly sent the stripling forth to roam.
 The youth had frequent dar’d the troubled waves,
 Known, at each port, the Adriatic laves ; 140
 Fearless, and gifted with a form and face
 That gave to Valour’s self a brighter grace.

The emblematic leaf was duly sent,
 The suit receiv'd, and either sire content ;
 Then met the lovers in the kindred's sight, 145
 The rings to interchange, the troth to plight.
 Impatient DEMO press'd that short delay
 Might part the plighting, from the nuptial, day ;
 For well he knew that, in the space between, } 150
 By him his mistress must remain unseen,
 Though years, in curs'd succession, intervene. }
 But DEMO's sire a lengthen'd space decreed,
 Or ere that day of promise might succeed—
 “ One voyage more, and Winter's hour shall see
 “ The crowns suspended o'er thy bride and thee.” 155
 Unfeeling mandate ! source of present gloom !
 But source of darker sorrows yet to come.
 All pray'r was vain—hard Avarice combin'd
 With frosty Age, to fix the father's mind.
 The youth, restricted by the stern control, 160
 With future prospects strove to cheer his soul ;
 And nurs'd by Hope, though visited by Grief,
 The parted lovers trust to far relief—

Fix'd their fond eyes on Winter's distant hour,
And drest, in thought, the Hymeneal bow'r. 165

It chanc'd, ere long, the Calliretian train
To sport and jocund Pleasure gave the rein.
The feast, that bade the manly band farewell,
In wonted measure taught the mirth to swell:
For now, the faithless gales of Winter past, 170

Still'd the infuriate sea, and hush'd the blast,
Soft zephyr's breath, on Callirete's height,
Urg'd the bold troop to wing their annual flight.
The solemn feast, on each succeeding year,
Check'd the fast course of Separation's tear; 175
And cheer'd the youth, and sent them on their way
With omens blissful, and with bosoms gay.

Now, care at rest, and toilsome labour still,
Their thick Bazar the festive Grecians fill.
All present there but DEMO—he (deny'd 180
By harshest laws to meet his plighted bride)
Abstain'd, that fair PHROSYNE might appear,
Nor of its brightest garland rob the year.
Full soon, beneath the plane, the virgin band,
In wonted dance advancing, join'd the hand: 185

The youths, divided from the fair, apart
 Trod the same maze, but wanted all the art.
 Met in a solemn knot the archons sate,
 And o'er the pipe prolong'd the grave debate ;
 The matron train, loquacious in their glee, 190
 Range in a line, to gossip and to see ;
 Th' ignobler crowd are scatter'd o'er the ground ;
 And, join'd in troops, the children sport around—
 Smiles all the scene, and gives to Fancy's eye
 One glimpse of ancient Greece and Liberty. 195
 Sudden, a distant drum alarms their ears !
 The dance breaks off, and all the city fears !
 What hostile foot invades the hallow'd ground ?
 Why ring the rocks with War's unfriendly sound ?
 In swarms the female bands together press, 200
 Expecting thus to make the danger less.
 Rush forth the youth—and, full of fury, go
 To seize their arms, or mark the coming foe :
 But swift the foremost, with astonish'd eye,
 The train approaching up the heights, descry 205
 A lengthen'd band, with cautious steps and slow,
 In files advancing o'er the path below.

No stragglers these, no plund'rer's roving horde—
 These the firm squadrons of Albania's lord!
 By the white vest and crimson cap (the sign 210
 Of waste and woe) they know the Albanian line.
 Fear came on all—nor lessen'd as they saw
 The flying standard of the fam'd bashaw.
 "Comes he himself? what seeks the tyrant now?
 "Comes he himself to lay our city low?" 215
 Nor long the doubt—for now appear'd in sight
 A troop, with flowing robes and turbans white:
 One in the centre rode, whose glitt'ring vest
 And glitt'ring arms his peerless rank confest—
 'Tis ALI's self! and swift throughout the town 220
 The fatal tidings, big with woe, are known.
 Oh! other thoughts in warlike bosoms swell'd,
 When Greeks of yore the turban'd ranks beheld—
 When joy, predicting conquest, fiercely glanc'd
 From ev'ry eye, as Asia's sons advanc'd! 225
 Then MARATHON—ah! thoughtless Muse, refrain;
 Check the fond boast, and hush th' aspiring strain:
 Freedom has perish'd! rung is glory's knell,
 And HECTOR's spirit is appeas'd too well.

Now sudden, spurring on before the rest, 230
 A single horseman sought the mountain's crest :
 He comes ! and thus imparts a quick relief,
 With grateful words, the message of the chief—
 " Let not a breast in Callirete fear ;
 " ALI, his people's friend, advances near. 235
 " Returning from the war, his vengeance led
 " To hurl destruction on a rival's head :
 " Curious himself this wondrous height to view,
 " Tow'rds Callirete's mountain throne he drew,
 " This night he passes here—to-morrow's ray 240
 " Shall guide his progress on its homeward way."
 The grateful message stills each beating breast,
 Dispels the dread, and sets the town at rest :
 And now, as when o'erpast the cheerless rain,
 The sun returns, and Nature smiles again— 245
 So joy again o'er Callirete spread
 Reviving beams, and rais'd each drooping head.
 Flock forth the crowds to see the march of state—
 Cover the heights, or at the portal wait :
 PHROSYNE, foremost of the nymphs, appears, 250
 In all the eagerness of youthful years.

The train arrives—now first a Turkish band
On Callirete's height is seen to stand :
Wond'ring and pleas'd, the female throng behold
Th' Albanian band, resplendent in their gold. 255
And now the crowd bend low—each hand has prest,
In due salute, the forehead and the breast :
For, girt with many a chief, in princely state,
Albania's lord has reach'd the city's gate.
ALI, with gracious mien and specious art, 260
That feign'd a virtue foreign to the heart,
Smil'd on the crowd—for well he knew to win
With angel-looks, and hide the fiend within.
Thy heart had sworn him fealty, hadst thou seen
His figure mild, and venerable mien ! 265
His snowy beard beneath his bosom fell,
And prov'd the years his port dissembled well ;
His eye shed mercy—and his tranquil air
Diffus'd around the peace he seem'd to share.
But all was false—for all conceal'd within 270
A heart by passion torn, and clogg'd by sin :
Relentless Cruelty and fitful Rage,
And savage Lust amidst the frost of Age,

Stern Avarice, and thirst of lawless gain,
 Direct his thoughts, and o'er his bosom reign: 275
 Dreadful his smile! it sparkles but to hide
 The purpose dark, and omens ruin wide.

The tyrant follow'd by the crowd ascends
 The rising street, and tow'rds the summit bends :
 Archons and primates guide him o'er the height, 280
 Walk by his side, and feign a forc'd delight.
 ALI, with gracious words, observ'd, inquir'd ;
 The curious town, the beauteous scene admir'd—
 Admir'd the gallant youths, their manly grace,
 And prais'd the hated virtues of the race. 285

At length, approach'd the near Bazar, he sees
 The lyres, the garlands, cast beneath the trees :
 The meaning ask'd, the archons near relate
 The checker'd day's short history and fate.
 The tyrant griev'd the merry sports had ceas'd, 290
 And bade the youths at once renew the feast :
 Himself would see the games—himself preside,
 And with his sons their grateful joys divide.

The kind commands the Greeks astonish'd hear,
 (Commands that seldom meet a Raya's ear) 295

And swift, for once obsequious from the heart,
To call the nymphs, and form the choir, depart :
Swift crowd, united in the thick Bazar,
The sons of Pleasure, and the sons of War.
The active guard, beneath the fountain's side, 300
(Where a tall elm a grateful shade supply'd)
The carpet spread, the silken cushions plac'd,
And rais'd the downy throne of Eastern taste.
On the rude sofa, carelessly repos'd,
ALI reclines, by watchful crowds enclos'd ; 305
The archons, kneeling near the couch, receive
The poor distinction tyrants choose to give ;
Around, the silent guards submissive stand,
And watch their master's eye, that looks command.
The dance begins—beneath the verdant plane 310
The youth their festive measures lead again :
ALI, with careless eye, and thoughts that stray'd,
Pensive and silent long, the scene survey'd ;
Oft the rich pipe he presses to his lips—
Oft, from the golden cup, the coffee sips : 315
The thoughtless crowd the precious cup admire,
That, bright with rubies, shed a purple fire ;

Nor knew for this was lost their country's peace—

Ill-gotten gems! the blood and tears of Greece!

At length, PHROSYNE's turn is come—to lead 320

Her sister-nymphs, and in the maze precede:

To deck her charms, attentive Art had brought

Each little aid that eastern fancy taught.

Her flowing dress the classic robe bely'd—

Still Grecian beauty's undiscarded pride: 325

The silken folds, that modestly conceal'd

Her form, each graceful motion well reveal'd;

Around that form the Cashmire shawl entwin'd,

And silver clasps the flowing robe confin'd;

Amidst her locks, arrang'd in many a braid, 330

The bright sequins in wonted splendour play'd—

Row above row, her polish'd brow they crown'd,

And o'er her neck in golden circles wound.

Such were the nymphs that erst in Grecian land,

Had mov'd APELLES, and inspir'd his hand! 335

Such were the forms, ere Freedom fled dismay'd,

That o'er PHROSYNE's native mountains stray'd!

Reveal'd she stands, and on that lovely face

Soft blushes spread that heighten every grace:

Fearful, yet pleas'd, to meet the dreaded glance 340

Of ALI's eye, she trembled to advance.

At length, the timid maid begins her part

With trembling footsteps and a beating heart :

Till, gaining force, she feels her bosom swell

With all a woman's study to excel. 345

With arms that float, and feet that smoothly glide,

She moves along in slow majestic pride ;

And leads the nymphs, and bids the virgin choir

With grace advance, or gracefully retire.

ALI, when first he saw the maid advance, 350

Had mark'd her charms, and watch'd her in the dance ;

And now he thought some Houri, heav'nly fair !

Had left the skies, and led the measure there.

Awaken'd passion fills the breast of Age—

Passion that burns, and fires that fiercely rage : 355

Yet, still dissembling—still the tyrant wore

The calm indiff'rence he preserv'd before,

And watch'd, with tranquil eye, PHROSYNE's way—

As from his lair the lion marks his prey.

The quicken'd music breathes a gayer sound— 360

With quicken'd steps PHROSYNE strikes the ground.

The zone extending to the nymph she leads—
 She twines around it as the dance proceeds :
 Yet quicker now—and quicker still, repeats
 The circling course—flies forward, and retreats— 365
 Glances like light, irregular with skill—
 Seems lost, enraptur'd—and is graceful still :
 Till from the lyres the gayest strain ascends,
 And the quick dance in hurried movements ends.

Hush'd is the strain—PHROSYNE'S vow is crown'd !
 The praise she sought, the beauteous victim found.
 Curs'd with her granted wish ! her charms admir'd
 By him, whose smile the ill-starr'd girl desir'd.
 A wild rebellion throbs in ALI'S breast,
 With pain conceal'd, and by no curb repress : 375
 Love is not his—to so accurst a flame
 'Twere impious e'er to give so fair a name :
 His the fierce rush of Passion's lawless tide—
 With such a love the tiger woos his bride !
 Yet, veiling all with calm unalter'd mien— 380
 His heart all tumult, and his look serene,
 The tyrant, smiling, bade the maid advance ;
 Himself would give his tribute to the dance.

PHROSYNE heard—and, with a beating breast,
 Trembling, abash'd, obey'd the dread behest : 385
 The tyrant prais'd her art, and prais'd her grace—
 Inquir'd her name, her fortunes, and her race :
 PHROSYNE, silent long, with downcast eyes,
 In accents scarcely heard, at length replies.
 “ And have such charms,” the wily chief exclaim'd, 390
 “ No conquest won—no Grecian heart inflam'd?”
 The maiden's blushes gave a clear reply.
 The tyrant, turning to the archons by,
 Inquired—and heard, with agitated breast,
 How DEMO's love had triumph'd o'er the rest. 395
 “ Is she his bride?”—“ At Winter's distant hour
 “ DEMO is lord of Callirete's flow'r :
 “ Till then, disjoin'd, th' impatient lovers sigh—
 “ Chide the long day, and mourn their destiny.”
 Nor varying look, nor alter'd voice, or air, 400
 The changeful storm of ALI's mind declare :
 The fear, the hope, that struggled in his soul,
 Alike obey'd his fix'd and firm control.
 With calm unruffled brow, and steady voice,
 He blest the union and approv'd the choice ; 405

And, drawing forth the glitt'ring coin, convey'd
The promis'd present to the timid maid :

Then, with a placid smile, that seem'd to shed
Benign good will, the arch-dissembler said—

“ Daughter ! thy modest worth has touch'd my breast ;

“ Nor here shall ALI's waken'd favour rest.

“ Whene'er the nuptial knot is duly ty'd

“ That makes PHROSYNE DEMO's lovely bride,

“ From ALI's hands (thy second father now)

“ Richly the portion of the bride shall flow !” 415

The Grecians round with smiles and shouts approv'd
Their lord's protection of the maid they lov'd :

PHROSYNE, blushing, fails to speak—and bends

To kiss the hand the gracious chief extends.

Dismiss'd, the nymph to seek her parents flies, 420

Who, pressing near, had watch'd with anxious eyes ;

And, while their arms the smiling maid enfold,

She shew'd the present, and the promise told :

To Heav'n the grateful pair their voices rais'd

And bless'd the Virgin, and the tyrant prais'd. 425

Swift flock'd around the Calliretian fair—

These shar'd the joy, and these appear'd to share ;

The matron train high praises lavish'd forth,
And, loud and shrill, exalted ALI's worth ;
The crowd forgot that ALI e'er opprest, 430
And, us'd to execrate, consenting blest.
By one bright action great delinquents win
More praise than saints by lives exempt from sin !
Thus joy prevail'd—but him, whom hundreds bless'd,
Far diff'ring thoughts and other cares possess'd. 435
Night fell, and slumber still'd the peaceful height ;
But ALI wak'd—and, through the length of night,
Watch'd o'er the happy to resolve their woe,
And held the dagger, and prepar'd the blow.
At that still moment, awful to the good, 440
Guilt stood reveal'd in open hardihood :
Livid his cheek, and loose his ruffled beard,
(Those silver hairs ! that should have been rever'd) ;
Each wither'd feature, stamp'd with fierce desire ;
His pale eye, brighten'd with unhallow'd fire ; 445
Unseen, the tyrant pac'd the guarded room,
And fix'd in thought PHROSYNE's future doom,
Unmask'd and unrestrain'd : nor conscious fears—
The lover's right—the frantic mother's tears ;

Nor lost PHROSYNE's agoniz'd despair, 450
 Or wak'd a thought, or gave a single care !
 Anxious alone to make the ruin sure,
 The tyrant ponder'd how to strike secure ;
 Soft words and smiles he knew would fail to gain,
 And gold itself, he fear'd, were us'd in vain : 455
 Force, only force remain'd—" The rising morn
 " Shall see PHROSYNE from her fastness torn !"
 But then he paus'd—and, frowning at the thought,
 Revolv'd how well the mountain's sons had fought :
 Perhaps again PHROSYNE's cause might fire 460
 The desp'rate band to scorn their ruler's ire :
 Present himself, some frantic rebel's sword
 Might dare to seek, might reach, the tyrant lord !
 That path some hazard shew'd—the tyrant's aim
 Sought to select a surer, stiller game. 465
 Sudden, a ray (as if a thought that pleas'd
 Had struck his fancy, and the storm appeas'd)
 Shone on his troubled brow—and " This!" he cry'd—
 " This shall not fail to catch the Raya's bride !
 " Did not the feast proclaim the moment near, 470
 " When all the youth no longer shall be here ?

“ When only girls and Age the heights defend ?

“ Then were the hour a chosen band to send :—

“ Thus shall it be—PHROSYNE ! thou art mine

“ In spite of all the Calliretian line.” 475

He said and smil'd—*infernal triumph cheer'd*

His traitor heart, and in his face appear'd.

The morning pow, (for never soft repose
Had taught the troubled chieftain's eyes to close)

The morn appear'd—and, with the rising ray, 480

Pour'd forth the squadrons to resume their way ;

Crowded the happy Grecians, flocking fast

To meet their lord, and bless him as he past ;

PHROSYNE foremost, and her parents, prest

With smiling looks, that prov'd the grateful breast. 485

ALI, with all his Agas at his side,

Rode slowly forth, in calm, unbending pride :

Still was his look—nor on his peaceful mien

Trace of the fell nocturnal storm was seen ;

Near fair PHROSYNE, moving on, he drew, 490

Nor chang'd his settled count'nance at the view.

The grateful father' rush'd to cross his way,

And kiss'd his robe—Affection's debt to pay :

The tyrant smil'd, and motion'd with his head—
“ I keep my word !” was all the traitor said ; 495
His hand he wav'd to DEMO's plighted bride,
And with the sign his promise ratify'd ;
Then slow advanc'd—and, 'midst his glittering throng,
To seek the distant valleys mov'd along.
 The Grecian crowd his onward way pursu'd, 500
In wonder lost, and lost in gratitude ;
Till distant far the train had left the height,
And closing mountains veil'd them from the sight.

CANTO II.

SWIFT is the silent course of fleeting Time
To all who sport in Pleasure's vernal prime; 505 -
Yet swifter still his flight appears to those
Whose bliss a stated moment comes to close :
Suppliant in vain they sue for wish'd delay—
Heedless, the rapid hours pursue their way.

How swift **PHROSYNE** thought the moments gone 510
That brought the dreaded day of parting on !
Doubly severe, and doubly fear'd the day—
It tears a lover and a sire away.
True, weeks had pass'd since last the lovers met—
Slaves to their laws, and victims of regret; 515
Still had she nightly heard his plaintive voice
Address in song the mistress of his choice—

Had seen him nightly as, at Love's command,
 Beneath her window DEMO took his stand;
 At least had known him safe and ever near— 520
 And, if depriv'd of bliss, was void of fear.
 Now realms must part, and rolling waves divide
 The land with danger fraught, the faithless tide.
 Oft had PHROSYNE seen her sire depart,
 Till use had still'd the daughter's trembling heart; 525
 Had hail'd his sure return at Winter's hour,
 Till anxious fear retain'd but half its pow'r :
 But now, before the maid's foreboding eyes,
 Black tempests low'r, and angry surges rise ;
 Or, rushing from the visionary glade, 530
 Ideal robbers wave the murd'rous blade.
 Oh ! how shall DEMO shun the varied train
 Of countless dangers—how return again ?
 With other views th' impatient youth beheld
 The day's approach—by other thoughts impell'd. 535
 Depriv'd of bliss till Winter's hour returns,
 For Winter's hour alone the lover burns ;
 And longs to start—that sooner he may gain
 The goal he pants for, and the prize obtain.

Yet one deep pang arose in either breast, 540
(For custom, still a tyrant, still opprest)—
Doom'd not to meet, the lovers may not tell
Their parting woes, and take a last farewell.
Bitter the scene when sever'd lovers part !
Yet still the utter'd sorrow sooths the heart. 545
Each word, how precious then !—each falling tear
Remember'd ever, and for ever dear :
While each fond bosom feels a sweet relief—
Indulging all the tenderness of grief !
To this fond pair the harsher Fates deny 550
The common boon of Sorrow's luxury.
How swell their bosoms with the bursting woe
They may not utter—words that may not flow ;
A thousand anxious thoughts that, unexpress'd,
Become a leaden burthen to the breast: 555
Soft vows to meet in spirit, when disjoin'd ;
Cautions, of moment in a maiden's mind ;
The fond embrace—the last, the silent, look :
Oh! bitter loss for loving hearts to brook !
At night ('twas all he could), when moonless skies 560
Secur'd the lover from observant eyes,

Beneath PHROSYNE's casement DEMO past,
 His wonted notes to pour—and now his last!
 Slow was the strain—and, as th' occasion, sad;
 A mournful grace was all the art it had. 565
 But on PHROSYNE's ear as wildly fell
 Each soften'd close—it seem'd a lover's knell!
 Fast flow'd her tears—and, by a pow'r impell'd,
 Stronger than custom (Nature's self rebell'd),
 With hurry'd hand the lattice ope she threw— 570
 With hurry'd voice she falter'd one “ Adieu!”
 Then started back, and trembled at the deed—
 Esteem'd a crime in custom's bigot creed.
 DEMO, where look was vain and speech denied,
 To the priz'd whisper with his lute replied; 575
 An air he chose that erst PHROSYNE prais'd—
 Soft air! that Joy's departed shadow rais'd:
 Each well-known cadence, and each thrilling sound,
 Quick echos in PHROSYNE's bosom found.
 How bless'd the moment when she listen'd last! 580
 How dark the cloud that comes to overcast!
 At length no more resounds the melting tone;
 The lute is silent, and the lover gone.

Successive troops, on each successive day,
 Now left the height and took their seaward way : 585
 A tardy few still linger'd at the gate—
 Nor yet the Grecian town was desolate ;
 But all was gone that lorn PHROSYNE lov'd—
 And constant tears her faithful anguish prov'd.
 The mother saw the daughter's sorrows flow, 590
 And pity'd still, but half-reprov'd, the woe :
 Hardy of soul, and worthy of her race—
 Regarding weakness as the mind's disgrace ;
 Woman herself, she scorn'd a woman's part—
 Though, here, Affection half-subdu'd her heart. 595
 “ Banish thy grief ! ” exclaim'd the stoic dame—
 “ Nor, once thy mother's pride ! become her shame :
 “ A loss like ours each maid and matron feel,
 “ But they or vanquish sorrow, or conceal.
 “ Ah ! lov'd PHROSYNE ! thus in grief again ? 600
 “ Are we then dastard Rayas of the plain ?
 “ No Callirete's daughters—born to bear
 “ With nobler courage, and to mock despair ?
 “ Cease, best-lov'd child ! thy DEMO shall return
 “ When the hearth blazes, and the myrtles burn : 605

" Then shall the marriage train the priest attend,
 " And ALI's promise, like a show'r, descend.
 " Oh! weep not thus—thy piteous tears disclose
 " This weakness thy reluctant parent shews."

So spake the dame, loquacious from her years— 610
 Stoic in speech—the mother in her tears.

PHROSYNE, pale with overflowing eyes,
 Instead of words gave answer with her sighs ;
 E'en HELEN's smiles (for soon PHROSYNE's bow'r
 Did HELEN seek) had lost their cheering pow'r; 615
 Though, best-belov'd, the chosen maid possess
 A sister's empire o'er PHROSYNE's breast.

Sad from that day the love-lorn girl remain'd—
 Bewail'd her fortunes, and to Heav'n complain'd.
 Did the wind rise in harsher gusts around? 620
 How throbb'd PHROSYNE's bosom at the sound !
 Chance did she hear the shipwreck'd sailor's tale,
 Or fate of rover lost—her cheek was pale.
 Ne'er did she join the dance beneath the plane,
 Nor youthful frolic, with the virgin train; 625
 But, if she mov'd, alone with HELEN stray'd,
 And sought the secret rill—the deepest glade;

Her eyes still resting on the zone she wore,
That DEMO sent—allow'd to meet no more.

The sun was bright—the season in its pride— 630
DAPHNE* was red on every streamlet's side ;
All Nature smil'd—the air itself was gay,
And warbling birds sung homage to the day :
Pensive PHROSYNE sat—and “ Oh, thou sun !
“ Haste thee,” she cry'd, “ thy onward course to run. 635
“ Cease, tedious Summer ! cease thy loath'd delay—
“ Swift, with thy gaudy pageants, haste away !
“ These flow'ry wreaths but on my soul impress
“ How distant still from me is happiness !
“ Hence, glitt'ring train !—and oh ! thou kinder pow'r,
“ Snow-girted Winter ! bring thy darksome hour :
“ More grateful far thy roughest blast shall sound
“ Than this soft air that gently steals around ;
“ Thy leafless groves a fairer sight appear
“ Than the green canopy that shades me here ; 645
“ Brighter thy gloomy skies than yonder glow
“ That decks, with living gold, the vale below !

* Daphne is the Romaic name for the Oleander, which fringes the rivers and streams of Greece.

“ Haste, Winter ! haste—PHROSYNE longs to see
 “ Thysnows—for Love’s sweet triumph comes with thee !”

So sigh’d the love-lorn maid—and ending, sought 650
 Her mountain-home, oppress’d and lost in thought.
 With smiling look that, ere she spoke, confest
 Tidings of joy, and cheer’d PHROSYNE’S breast,
 Her child the parent met—and swiftly shew’d
 A written scroll that had the joy bestow’d. 655

The father’s hand, the lover’s name, were there—
 And magic words to sooth the soul of care ;
 Safe at the port it spoke the absent twain—
 The gale propitious—still, the unruffled main :
 Fortune so kind, it promis’d swift return— 660

Well might that promise smiles and blessings earn !
 The maid accepts the omen—swiftly flies
 Her grief—and pleasure sparkles in her eyes.
 Youth’s fleeting sorrows slender cause removes ;
 And Hope springs swiftest for the maid who loves. 665

The nearest sun had topt the eastern height,
 And o’er the city pour’d his earliest light :
 Bright as the sun, and as the morning gay,
 PHROSYNE rose, and hail’d the golden day.

Pleas'd, the fond parent saw the smile that grac'd 670
 The maiden's cheek, and Sorrow's print effac'd.
 " Oh, most belov'd!" the peerless daughter cry'd—
 " The saints have stood at thy PHROSYNE's side :
 " Such dreams of bliss—such earnest of delight !
 " The blessed scene is still before my sight. 675
 " Hear and believe me—scarce had soft repose,
 " 'Midst pleas'd reflection, taught my eyes to close,
 " Or ere the absent, whom our thoughts pursue,
 " Stood at my side, confest to Fancy's view.
 " Led by my sire, the happy DEMO came 680
 " With look of transport, and with eye of flame :
 " The parent smil'd—then motion'd DEMO near ;
 " And, whilst his eyes were dimm'd with Pleasure's tear,
 " Join'd DEMO's hand to mine—and ' Ne'er again
 " Shall Fortune part,' he cry'd, ' the tender twain ! 685
 " Let love be crown'd!'—the overpow'ring joy
 " Seem'd to subdue, and threaten'd to destroy.
 " But, whilst my bosom throb'd with keen delight,
 " Sleep fled—and all was vanish'd from my sight !
 " Still I exult—assur'd the future hour 690
 " Will verify the visions of my bow'r."

The happy parent bless'd the omen giv'n,
 'And felt convinc'd the vision came from Heav'n :
 Her vows were heard—before the Virgin's shrine
 She thought it meet another lamp should shine. 695
 To schemes of bliss prospective Fancy led,
 And Hope o'er all her rainbow colours shed.

Thus they rejoic'd—when, from the court below,
 Sudden unwonted clamours seem'd to flow :
 Loud knocking shook the gate—the noisy din 700
 Spreads from the portal, and resounds within.
 Startled and pale, the mother and the maid
 Lost speech and smiles, astonish'd and afraid :
 The vision all forgot—the icy chill
 Of sudden fear succeeds to pleasure's thrill. 705
 List'ning they stand—at length “ Some village jest !”
 The dauntless parent cry'd—“ compose thy breast ;
 “ Did ever danger reach the mountain's head ?
 “ Idle the thought, and weak our woman's dread !
 “ Some truant boy, or HELEN !”—and the dame, 710
 Gaining the portal whence the tumult came,
 Threw wide the open'd door—with wild surprise
 She started from the sight that met her eyes !

A fierce Albanian band the gate surround—
 Foremost the chief who caus'd th' unfriendly sound : 715
 Their sabres glitter in the sunny beam,
 And fiercer flashes from their eye-balls gleam.
 " From ALI we ! "—the benefactor's name
 Lessen'd the dread that shook the mother's frame :
 The maid had fled, and gain'd the inner room— 720
 Dismay'd with fear—uncertain of the doom.
 At length the matron, " Friends ! (for ALI's name
 " Bespeaks ye friends) your master's will proclaim.
 " Doubtless ye come, at mighty ALI's word,
 " (Eternal blessings crown our gracious lord !) 725
 " To learn if yet PHROSYNE's bridal hour
 " Claims his rich promise to the bridal bow'r."
 The matron spoke—but fault'ring voice betray'd,
 Though firm the speech, the bosom all dismay'd.
 No word return'd the leader of the host, 730
 But, silent, with his band the threshold crost ;
 The look malignant, and the eye-brow bent,
 Spoke the fix'd purpose and the dark intent.
 Fear chill'd the mother's breast—yet oft she try'd
 To grasp the hopes that Memory supply'd : 735

ALI had smil'd—the savage soldier's mood
 Is rough and fearful—but the prince is good.
 Her anxious look the mingled feeling spoke ;
 When thus the leader's voice the silence broke—
 “ The gracious ALI still preserves a mind 740
 “ Unchang'd to thee—and to thy daughter, kind :
 “ For thy PHROSYNE's sake he sent us here ;
 “ His aim to scatter blessings—cease to fear !”
 “ Blest are thy words !” the joyous parent cry'd ;
 “ My fear is gone—my doubt is satisfy'd.” 745
 “ So much of favour has thy daughter won,
 “ Alone for her shines Bounty's rising sun ;
 “ Our mighty prince resolves to gild her days,
 “ And humble merit from its bed to raise.
 “ But one so fair, who thus his soul can move, 750
 “ He deems too precious for a vulgar love :
 “ In brighter scenes he bids her name be known—
 “ And, for a Raya's love, he gives—his own !
 “ Sent by his gracious word, we come to lead
 “ The child of Fortune to the bliss decreed : 755
 “ Then to our care at once the maid resign—
 “ Bliss will be her's, and riches shall be thine.”

With piercing look th' indignant parent stood,
 And heard the dark demand that chill'd her blood.
 A soul of dauntless force disdain'd to shew 760
 The start of horror, or the tear of woe :
 High indignation master'd pow'rful grief,
 And thus, in troubled accents, gain'd relief—
 “ Base-hearted engine of a tyrant's throne !
 “ Is this thy message ?—this the mercy shewn ?— 765
 “ Thus does thy lord preserve the oath he swears ?—
 “ Are these his blessings—his paternal cares ?—
 “ Dissembling tyrant !—oh ! how calm the smile
 “ That veil'd the demon's thought—the demon's guile !
 “ Fool that I was to trust the flatt'ring shew, 770
 “ And pray for him who only sought our woe !
 “ What ! did he think the Calliretian race
 “ Are won by gold—consenting to be base ?
 “ Thought he the maid would listen to his vow,
 “ Nor give her answer—as I answer now ? 775
 “ Let ALI seek the Rayas of the plain,
 “ They or resist not, or resist—in vain.
 “ We, whom these heights protect, (the rocky hill
 “ Shall prove, I trust, a faithful fortress still)

“ From ampler freedom nobler maxims gain, 780

“ And scorn to live—except in Virtue’s train.

“ Go ! tell thy master nought his princedom’s yield

“ Can touch the breast by Virtue’s spirit steel’d.

“ Dear as I hold my child, these doating eyes

“ Would rather weep a daughter’s obsequies ; 785

“ Would rather view her breathless at my feet,

“ Than see her go disgrace and crime to meet !”

She said—a smile of malice and of pride

Reveal’d the intent the soldier scorn’d to hide :

Then fiercely thus—“ Thou talk’st it proudly, dame ! 790

“ Pity thy strength and will are not the same !

“ I fear me much nor Virtue’s boasted aid,

“ Nor e’en thy mountain, will defend the maid.

“ Mistaken Christian ! hast thou still to learn

“ We came not unrewarded to return ? 795

“ Think’st thou we fail’d to watch th’ appointed hour

“ When nought could stand, or baffle, ALI’s pow’r ?

“ Thou dream’st of strength, unaided and alone—

“ Perchance forgetful that thy guards are gone !

“ We watch’d the rovers ere we journey’d here ; 800

“ We knew nor sire, nor DEMO, now was near.

“ Where then remains thy hope?—presuming slave !

“ Unheard by Rayas shall our master crave ?

“ Know, desp’rate woman ! if persuasion fail,

“ Triumphant force shall aid us, and prevail.” 805

The fatal truth, now openly confest,

Pierc’d, like a dagger’s point, the matron’s breast ;

At once she saw the art—at once perceiv’d

Her child a victim, and of help bereav’d.

Courage and pride, subdu’d in agony, 810

No more confirm’d her soul and arm’d her eye ;

But sorrow gush’d—and forth the suppliant pour’d

Her anxious pray’r, and pity thus implor’d :—

“ Thou wear’st the human form ! if e’er thy breast

“ Was touch’d by mercy, hear Despair’s request ! 815

“ Tam’d is my pride—for, oh ! too well is laid

“ The artful plot to catch a fated maid.

“ No aid is near—but, oh ! in mercy lend

“ This small assistance, and thus far befriend—

“ Speed thee to ALI ! tell him all we own, 820

“ The fruit of years shall fall before his throne.

“ Return’d, PHROSYNE’S sire shall haste to pour

“ His gain at ALI’S feet—a golden store.

" This town, (for well I know, to save the maid,
 " All Callirete's race will lend their aid) 825
 " This town—its little wealth shall freely drain,
 " And bring a ransom kings might not disdain.
 " All shall be his—such gifts have oft inclin'd
 " Our Turkish lords to ponder and be kind :
 " Oh ! tell him this—and haply will he spare 830
 " An only child, and earn a mother's pray'r."
 " Woman ! in vain thy treasures are unroll'd ;
 " Our master wills thy daughter—not thy gold !
 " His servants stir not hence without their prey ;
 " Why loiter we ? haste—seize her—and away !" 835
 He said, advancing t'wards the inner door,
 Where the affrighted maid had past before :
 The desp'rate parent rush'd to cross his way,
 And " Oh ! not yet, in mercy !—oh ! delay.
 " If tears, nor pray'rs, nor gold may fate repel, 840
 " Grant but the time to take—a last farewell !
 " No force is nigh—no rescue need ye fear ;
 " One hour allow me ! then receive her here."
 " Accept thy wish !" reply'd the pausing chief,
 Yielding, but careless of the mother's grief: 845

“ One hour we stay—thy daughter then resign ;
“ Our patience ill concedes demands like thine !”

By this, (for boldly, as they reach'd the town,
The savage band had made their errand known)
By this the fatal news had widely spread, 850
And Callirete shook with grief and dread.

Confus'd at first th' uncertain rumours fall—
Doubted, deny'd, but heard with awe by all :
As yet, no tyrant hand had e'er profan'd
The sacred height—by insult yet unstain'd. 855

“ Is it then true ?” each fearful mother prest
Her trembling daughter to her anxious breast !

“ Who shall be safe if this be not withstood ?

“ What stays the tiger that has tasted blood ?
As when an earthquake shakes some city's walls, 860
The cottage totters, and the palace falls ;

From side to side the shrieks of fear resound,
And one wide terror spreads and reigns around ;
Each thinks himself the victim mark'd by fate—
And all, with trembling doubt, their doom await : 865
So Callirete shook—from ev'ry door
Rush trembling forth the primates and the poor.

The feeble elders, tott'ring out, display
 The city's strength—themselves its only stay!
 The streets are fill'd—resounds the gen'ral cry— 870
 Fear in each breast, and grief in ev'ry eye.
 More frequent now returns PHROSYNE's name—
 More clearly singled as the tyrant's aim:
 "Our pride—our boast! all—all our guardians fled?
 "And not an arm to save that sacred head?— 875
 "Must she be lost?"—and, as they spoke, the throng,
 By one instinctive impulse spurr'd along,
 Rush'd to PHROSYNE's home—a feeble band!
 Woman and Age—the weakness of the land.
 With scorn the soldiers saw the train appear— 880
 None present there to wake a soldier's fear:
 Loud was the wailing—but the mournful sound
 No echo in the Turkish bosom found.
 The helpless crowd beheld the ruthless host
 Fix'd at the door, and saw that all was lost: 885
 One shriek they gave—one cry of wild despair;
 Then stood aghast, a crowd of statues, there!
 As when the storm has dash'd upon the rock
 Some sinking vessel, shatter'd by the shock;

No succour near—in sight no friendly land— 890
Bereft of hope the helpless victims stand ;
See *Death* advancing on the billowy wave,
And mark, in dumb despair, their future grave :
No less bereft, no less undone, a crew,
The Grecians stood, with ruin in their view. 895
Now groans, before in speechless horror pent,
Burst loudly forth, and beards were rudely rent ;
“ Why are our nerves unstrung ?” the elders cry’d,
And curs’d their age that martial strength deny’d ;
“ Where are our sons who should our place supply, 900
“ And save their native height, or boldly die ?
“ All scatter’d wide !—and these our aged eyes
“ Must witness here the ruthless sacrifice !”
The female band in cries their grief express,
And wrung the hand, and beat the snowy breast ; 905
In restless grief they hurried to and fro,
And all was tumult, noise, and frantic woe.
A foremost group, the kindred of the maid,
Press’d to the door—besought, and wept, and pray’d :
“ We bring no aid !” exclaim’d the suppliant train ; 910
“ One last sad look !—’tis all we seek to gain.”

The chieftain paus'd—"The precious boon ye crave
 "To one distracted girl our pity gave;
 "Half wild she seem'd—with cries the air she rent,
 "That stunn'd our ears, and forc'd us to consent: 915
 "But ye have gold our mercy to repay—
 "Your tears alone shall never force the way!"

The gold was found—for each surrounding hand
 Some aid supply'd, and met the chief's demand:
 The bribe unbarr'd the door—the sight of gain 920
 Subdu'd the breast that Mercy prob'd in vain.

Arriv'd within, the kindred band survey'd,
 With shrinking hearts, the havoc grief had made:
 Here, pleasure sparkled in the morning's eye,
 But ruin came ere the sun was high! 925
 Silent the court where late the chorus swell'd—
 Where late the kindred Hymen's pomp beheld:
 No bridegroom there! the desolating blow
 Had struck—and all was laid for ever low!

Scarcely observant of th' approaching train, 930
 Engross'd by grief, and occupy'd by pain,
 The parent stood—and, with unalter'd eye,
 Gaz'd on her child in silent agony!

Clasp'd were her hands, and loose her streaming hair;
Her lips, that spoke not, seem'd to move in pray'r: 935
But not a groan her inward woe exprest,
And not a tear reliev'd the bursting breast.

Half robb'd of life they saw the fated maid,
Her sinking head on HELEN's bosom laid;
Clos'd were her eyes, and from their native bed 940
The wither'd roses seem'd for ever fled.

So pale the lips—so still the breast of snow,
The kindred thought that Death had dealt his blow.
But tears at length, and broken murmurs, came—
And last, in half-form'd whispers, DEMO's name. 945

Such had PHROSYNE been, since first her fears
Had learnt conviction from a mother's tears.
A random word, her distant ear had caught,
Had rais'd suspicion in the victim's thought:
And, when the parent came—the grief exprest 950
In ev'ry look and gesture, told the rest.

Aghast, at first, the awe-struck kindred stood,
Of speech bereft—for horror chill'd their blood.
At length high-swelling murmurs fill'd the air,
And groans and shrieks—the language of Despair. 955

And now a voice, in loud and haughty tone,
 Call'd fiercely from without—"The hour is gone!"
 The sound was thunder—starting from her trance,
 The mother cast around a phrenzied glance;—
 "Save me!" PHROSYNE cry'd, and rais'd her head—960
 Wak'd into life by agony and dread;
 Whilst from her eyes shot forth a wild dismay,
 As if a father's ghost had cross'd her way.
 "Save thee, my child!" the parent falter'd, "lost!
 "Oh, lost!"—then paus'd, as if a thought had crost—
 A fearful thought! for wild her look became;
 Quiver'd her lips, and shook her trembling frame.
 "One way alone;" nor more—the band around
 Caught the deep meaning in th' unfinish'd sound.
 Silent as death they stood—no word they past, 970
 But each around dark hurried glances cast;
 Fearful, yet seeking, on the other's face
 Her own conceal'd idea stamp'd to trace:
 The glances met—and each wild-flashing eye
 Spoke the one mind, and gave the dread reply. 975
 Sudden the parent loos'd the daughter's hand,
 Instructed, with a look, the kindred band;

Utter'd one groan—then scarce had voice to say,
 “ I cannot *see* her die ! ”—and rush'd away.

At this the maid, acquainted with the thought, 980

At once the purpose and its object caught :

Nor started back, nor sense of fear betray'd—

Reviv'd at once ; embolden'd, not dismay'd.

Death, only Death could foil the tyrant's aim,

And save her faith, her constancy, her fame. 985

This well she saw, nor doubted to pursue

The awful path presented to her view.

Calm'd was her look, compos'd her fearless breast,

And firm the voice that thus her will express—

“ Well hast thou said—oh! thou who gav'st me breath!

“ Oh! kinder now resigning me to death!

“ Well hast thou said—this only way remain'd

“ To save thy child unsullied and unstain'd;

“ Preserve her solemn vow to *DEMO* giv'n,

“ Secure her Christian covenant with Heav'n. 995

“ Then, welcome death! and, though on earth deny'd,

“ In death *PHROSYNE* still is *DEMO*'s bride.

“ Preserv'd her faith, *PHROSYNE* thus shall prove

“ The martyr of religion and of love ! ”

She said—and o'er the features of the maid 1000
Triumphant smiles and brighten'd radiance play'd.

Resolv'd the deed, the means were wanting still
Means seldom miss'd, when fix'd the desp'rate will;
These to the doubtful band, whilst awe deny'd
Or speech or thought, PHROSYNE's self supply'd— 1005
She, constant yet, and unsubdu'd alone,

Unfasten'd from her waist the silken zone—
The lover's gift! at this, th' instructed train,
Nerv'd by Despair, nor fortified in vain,
Wildly surrounded—o'er her face the maid 1010
Hurried her veil—the signal thus display'd,
The friendly Furies rush'd—deep groans and cries,
Rising around, proclaim'd the sacrifice.

The circle parted, and that parting band
Shew'd the pale victim—sav'd from ALI's hand! 1015

By this the guard without, impatient grown,
Repeated loud—"The hour we gave is gone!
"Bring forth the damsel, or ourselves invade
"The chamber, and secure the loit'ring maid."
"She comes!" the kindred cry'd—"O'erpast her woe,
"She comes—consenting now, and fix'd to go!

They said—and swift compos'd, with pious care,
 The lifeless limbs—compos'd the streaming hair;
 Then rais'd the tragic load! six maidens bore
 The breathless maid—their joy and pride before; 1025
 HELEN precedes; the rest on either side,
 In solemn order duly rang'd, divide.

They reach'd the portal—HELEN open'd wide
 The jarring gate, and “Chiefs, advance!” she cry'd;
 “PHROSYNE comes!”—at this the savage foe 1030
 Drew near, and mockery began to flow—
 Insult and triumph!—soon the gladsome strain
 Was chang'd to wonder, when appear'd the train.
 Slow the procession mov'd—nor tear, nor sigh,
 Disturb'd the still and stern solemnity; 1035
 The pride of conquest there with grief unites,
 And blends a triumph with funereal rites;
 Severe each look, and fortify'd each face;
 Mourners—but mourners of a Spartan race!

Silent they mov'd—at length (approach'd the host,
 That stood amaz'd, in strange conjecture lost)
 Their burthen on the ground the mourners laid—
 Unveil'd the face—reveal'd the lifeless maid!

And cry'd, "Now, servants of a tyrant's word!

"Now bear PHROSYNE to Albania's lord! 1045

"And tell Albania's lord, that thus alone

"The Calliretian maids approach his throne!"

FINIS.

A L A S H T A R :

AN ARABIAN TALE,

IN THREE CANTOS.



ALASHTAR:

AN ARABIAN TALE.

CANTO I.

CHILDREN of ISHMAEL! to realms confin'd
Where sternly nature frowns throughout the year,
Unfetter'd sands, that mount before the wind,
Plains ever wild, and valleys ever drear,
Where Spring's unwilling footsteps scarce appear;
For you no harvests rise, no vintage grows,
No shadowy groves the sultry noon to cheer;
Nor blooms the painted pink or scented rose;
But all around is waste, and desolate repose!

Children of ISHMAEL ! a rugged home
By fate is yours ; but, let the favour'd race,
Through fertile meads and water'd vales who roam,
Or flow'ry paths in groves of verdure trace,
Declare if happiness depends on place.
Can crystal rills, or waving woods supply
Sweet solace to the wretched, or the base ?
Alas ! bright scenes are lost on sorrow's eye,
Careless of verdant shades, and streams that murmur by.

As bounteously the dews of bliss descend
On the lone Desert, as on Tempé's vale :
True joys are of the soul—on mind depend,
Nor influence own of scene, or veering gale.
The sons of Greece tell sorrow's bitter tale
Beside the rill, beneath the spreading tree ;
In citron groves the Grecian maids bewail ;
While speeds o'er sands the Arab blest and free,
And loves his native home—the home of Liberty.

Free as his winds he roves—and if his mind,
Rude as the scene in which his breath he draws,
Owns no subjection, no respect of kind,
And bids defiance proud to social laws,
His sterner virtues still extort applause—
Mankind his common foe, the foe of all
He combats, sever'd from the social cause;
But who so swift to hear the stranger's call?
Who for the suppliant guest to conquer or to fall?

Fantastic Honour, still opinion's child,
Of differing temper in each differing land,
Courage, that loves to quarry in the wild,
Take in the Desert's tent a watchful stand.
Generous as brave, nor only free of hand,
But prodigal of life, the weak to aid,
The noble savage leads his wand'ring band;
While, o'er his soul, the sweet poetic maid
Spreads her enchanting spell, and fondly is obey'd.

Blest was ALASHTAR once, nor ever eye
In joy's full radiance more serenely play'd ;
Nor ever mirthful heart and spirit high
O'er more intrepid bosom lightly sway'd :
Nor ever Arab youth more gallantly
Urg'd his hot courser o'er the Desert sand :
Or bade the wind-outstripping falcon fly ;
Or cast the rapid lance with firmer hand ;
Or rais'd in battle's shock, the desolating brand.

Alas ! how chang'd ! behold ALASHTAR now,
For ever quench'd that eye's enliv'ning ray,
Deep gloom for ever settled on his brow,
As thunder-cloud obscuring summer's day ;
Fierce on his heart the fangs of sorrow prey ;
Nor might he stand on BRUSA's magic mound,
Or all ISTAMBOL's towery pride survey,
Would brighter look repay the scene around,
Than that despairing glance, he fixes on the ground !

The world is now a dread and dreary void
To one, who once its burthens gaily bore—
The chase, that erst allur'd him, now annoy'd—
The true-bred courser pleas'd his eye no more—
He loath'd to think upon the days of yore,
For all the joys of former days were fled.
E'en love, that in his inmost heart before
Had sweetly bloom'd, is rooted out and dead—
Revenge has blighted love, and reigns in pleasure's stead.

'Tis Eve—Appeased is the scorching beam,
The Desert's burning sand has ceas'd to glow ;
Around, the cooling gales of freshness stream,
Restoring nature, as they softly blow ;
At large, th' unloaded camel, pacing slow,
Crops the rough herbage or the tamarisk spray—
ALASHTAR, restless from habitual woe,
Rush'd from his tent, and took his lonely way,
Engross'd in darksome thoughts that on his quiet prey.

Full soon, obedient to the warning hour,
Forth into air the dark encampment prest,
Catching the gifts of evening's balmy power ;
The gladde'd Desert hail'd its hour of rest.
Here warriors' lips to heav'n the prayer address;
There, dreamers, torpid in a still delight,
Inhal'd the vapour that, becalms the breast ;
Yonder, the noisy circle loud recite
The acts of recent war, the wonders of the fight.

For came from recent fight the conqu'ring band,
Rich in the rifled strangers' Eastern store ;
The men of Bagdad, bound for Syrian land,
Left Ophir's pearls, and Cashmere's palampore,
When, fierce and dreadful as the torrent's roar,
ALASHTAR crost their way : in triumph high
Homeward their treasure now the captors bore,
Anxious the distant tents of Ad to spy,
To spread the glitt'ring spoil, and glad the maiden's eye.

Nor long or ere ALASHTAR's gloomy form,
As far he loiter'd, fell on DARAN's sight;
(Daran, more fierce than ocean's wintry storm,
Wild as the savage beast that hates the light;) "**Behold,**" he cried, "**where he, the chief of might,**
"**Holds converse with the sorrows of his breast!**
"**Oh! Ad's heart-cheering ruler and delight!**
"**Happy the people who, by Allah blest,**
"**Beneath that iron frown's protecting influence rest.**

"**I counsell'd him to play a certain game,**
"**And, if MOHAREB's self escap'd his power,**
"**To scorch his foeman's tribe, with penal flame,**
"**Consuming plant mature, and op'ning flow'r,**
"**Childhood and age, in one destructive hour.**
"**His soul had rested, thus by vengeance fed;**
"**But he disdain'd, he said, his wrath to show'r**
"**On those who guiltless blood had never shed:**
"**Justice his only end—his mark, MOHAREB's head.**

“ Then let the torturers, that never die,
“ Feed on his heart who stays his dastard hand !
“ Still let a brother’s blood for vengeance cry,
“ Still, unappeased, stain the tainted sand,
“ And shame’s detested mark the chieftain brand
“ Whose arm has not aveng’d.”—“ Fall bitter shame
“ On thee,” (cried HASSAN, eldest of the band,)
“ On thee who dar’st profane ALASHTAR’S name,
“ ALASHTAR, soul of fight, the chief of spotless fame.

“ When he, beneath whose arm that brother fell,
“ Escaping fled, o’er wide Arabia’s reign
“ Flew not ALASHTAR, crossing hill and dell,
“ The stranger’s land, the desert’s boundless plain,
“ Tracing each course, th’ assassin’s track to gain ?
“ And, if he fail’d to find the latent foe,
“ Shall not his look of agony and pain,
“ Years of regret and endless length of woe,
“ Disarm the stern reproof, and lay detraction low ?

“ ALASHTAR smiles no longer ; still his soul,
“ Wounded and pierc'd, not harden'd, by despair,
“ Relaxing, bows to Nature's soft control ;
“ Whether he hears the stranger-suppliant's prayer,
“ Or on the tents of Ad bestows his care.
“ And still, when battle gives a pause from thought,
“ Rises he not as lion from his lair ?
“ What sword like his with might and fury fraught ?
“ Had yonder spoil been won, unless ALASHTAR fought ?

“ But thou wert ne'er his friend.”—With glowing cheek
Indignant DARAN heard the saws of age,
And all his fury rose—he burn'd to speak,
But now ALASHTAR's nearer steps engage
Th' attentive band, and awe the tongue of rage.
Uprose the circle to receive their Chief,
Yielding the homage due to prince or sage ;
ALASHTAR, struggling with his inward grief,
Repell'd oppressive thought, and grasp'd at short relief.

His clearer brow reveal'd a beam of light ;

“ Brothers !” he cried, “ for of ALASHTAR's kind

“ All were discover'd in the recent fight ;

“ Well met ! your deeds are ever in my mind ;

“ Would we were nearer those ye left behind !

“ 'Tis strange the troop for whom we wait, delay.

“ The merchant's rifled gold would swiftly find :

“ The grain they sought—full well they know the way :

“ Nor has a city charms to make an Arab stay.

“ Fair is the Syrian Queen—our comrades there

“ Will view the gushing stream, the verdant grove,

“ The halls where dashing fountains cool the air,

“ The thrones of ease, of luxury, and love ;

“ But who within that magic circle move ?

“ Not men, but trembling slaves ; the Desert's horde.

“ Scorn the green arbour of the captive dove ;

“ These sands their choice, secured by freedom's sword,

“ Where victor never trod, nor sway'd a tyrant lord.

" Yes! in the glist'ning eyes that sparkle round,
 " I read th' assenting spirit I revere;
 " Thron'd on the Desert's stern unconquer'd ground,
 " Reign ISHMAEL's children, yet unknown to fear,
 " Here blest with freedom's good, and only here—
 " All, all, save one, content"—the darksome cloud,
 That for a space had seem'd to disappear,
 Now wrapt ALASHTAR's brow in wonted shroud;
 Lost in his secret thoughts, he saw nor tents, nor crowd.

" Alas!" (cried HASSAN,) " are the children blest
 " Who read that anguish in the father's face?
 " Oh! son of SORAB! ALLAH grant thee rest!"
 " MOHAREB lives! then shall the world's wide space
 " For scorn'd ALASHTAR yield a resting-place?
 " Oh! might th' assassin's dark retreat be known,
 " Might thirsty vengeance drink! Eternal grace!
 " Give me to hear MOHAREB's dying moan,
 " And be that parting sigh succeeded by my own!

" AGIB ! my brother ! years have circled round,
 " Since thou hast fill'd thy cold and bloody grave,
 " Nor yet thy restless shade has quiet found.
 " Nightly before my tent I see thee wave,
 " Thy crimson'd vest—' Oh ! impotent to save
 " How long,' thou criest, ' his arm shall vengeance stay ?
 " ALASHTAR ! rise ! draw forth the tardy glaive !
 " Remember AGIB !' years have roll'd away,
 " Yet nightly speaks the voice, and chides the base delay.

" Shame is on SORAB'S race !—Ye dews of heav'n
 " Fall not where'er conceal'd the assassin lies !
 " Withhold, oh Earth ! thy fruits ; in fury driven,
 " Rise from thy fiery bed, SIMOOM, arise !
 " And cross his blasted way—turn flame, ye skies,
 " That give MOHAREB breath !"——The circle near
 Watch'd the wild flashing of ALASHTAR'S eyes,
 And started at the voice they paus'd to hear ;
 E'en DARAN'S soul was struck, and own'd a sense of fear.

Sudden, from far, the camel's distant bell
Rung through the silent Desert from the west ;
“ Our friends ! they join us at th' appointed well.”
ALASHTAR silent heard, and, care-opprest,
Mov'd to his lonely tent :—his stormy breast
Had not a kindly welcome to bestow,
Nor would he mar the pleasures of the rest :
Lost in remember'd ills, and present woe,
He fled to lonely thought, his refuge and his foe,

Swift, through the circling palms, the band survey'd
The kindred troop advance ; but saw, with dread,
The foremost Arab, by a comrade's aid,
Supported on a camel that was led—
Had there been battle ?—forth the party sped
Anxious and fearful ; nearer as they prest
They saw a stranger's face, his turban red
Of Syrian form, his many-colour'd vest,
One not of ISHMAEL's stock, or Desert race confest,

Greeting and question rose in noisy din.

The camels crouch, the wearied troop descend,
And, loud and sharp, the voices mixt-begin
A war of tongues, that promis'd ne'er to end ;
But soon the troop around the stranger bend,
(Mischance, they found, their brethren had not known)
How gladly all a prompt assistance lend !
For, gash'd with wounds, and helpless, and alone,
The guest became a friend, a comrade of their own.

Him had the Arabs found, deserted found,
(As from the city's walls they bent their way,)
Expos'd, unshelter'd, on the burning ground,
Scorch'd by the sun, to parching thirst a prey.
Scarce had the stranger force and voice to say,
That fate had led him to a traitor's snare,
Who seiz'd his wealth, his camel bore away,
And left him, wounded and deserted there,
To meet a ling'ring fate, and perish in despair.

The Syrian's story reach'd ALASHTAR's ear :

He, rising from his dream of anguish, cried,

“ Be this the stranger's tent, convey him here !”

The sufferer in they bore, and swift applied

Cool moisture to his lips, and swiftly tied

On aching wounds, the precious herbs that heal ;

ALASHTAR, kneeling by the stranger's side,

Soothing another's woes, forgot to feel

The pressure of his own, the edge of sorrow's steel.

Nor rudely mark'd, nor stamp'd in common mould,

ALASHTAR saw the Syrian's nervous frame.

Destin'd his arm a warrior's sword to hold ;

His mien, though faded, spoke a soul of flame.

And, as returning life and vigour came,

Commanding air and high majestic look,

Flash'd from his rolling eye—no Rayah tame

He seem'd, nor wonted Turkish rule to brook,

But Freedom's dauntless son, of soul that never shook.

CANTO II.

On golden link! connecting man with man,
Celestial Charity! Oh, rarely seen
Since lust of rule and thirst of gold began
Unhallow'd reign—whene'er thy look serene
Sheds placid influence, how the soften'd mien,
And soften'd heart, consenting, own thy sway!
Thus rifted ice, enchain'd by winter keen,
Thaw'd by the sun, in rivers rolls away,
And glads the parched waste, and sparkles to the day.

Alas ! thy steps avoid the peopled town,
And shun the haunts of science and of art,
Where soft refinement smooths each feeling down ;
Or baser interest chills the glowing heart,
Presents the mask, and trains to act the part.
Deserts and wilds are Charity's retreat ;
There guileless bosoms at her bidding smart
With Nature's throb, and glow with Nature's heat—
There thorns are pluck'd away from fellow pilgrims' feet.

Watchful beside the troubled couch of pain
ALASHTAR sat till morning ting'd the skies.
The wearied stranger tried to sleep in vain—
ALASHTAR heard his heart-appalling sighs ;
Saw fever'd starts and wild emotions rise.—
Oh, Sleep ! how falsely call'd the friend of care,
Thou hearest but the blest :—the weeping eyes,
That want thee most, thy blessings may not share,—
No poppy-wreath hast thou for comfortless despair.

Yet cheer'd and strengthen'd by the morning breeze
 The stranger slowly rais'd his sunken head,
 And bless'd the guardian chief—but look of ease
 Or sign of joy, that might have well repaid
 Escape from fate, with not a smile o'erspread
 The rescued stranger's cheek—frequent arose
 His hollow moanings; and, “ Oh ! fatal aid,”
 He cried, “ that came to lengthen out my woes;
 “ Oh ! why was death deferr'd; why snatch me from
 “ repose ?”

ALASHTAR silent heard, and sigh'd to find
 One fated like himself; then mild replied :—
 “ Oh, child of sorrow ! let the tortur'd mind
 “ Disclose the pangs 'tis misery to hide;
 “ For one is near by destiny allied
 “ With those who weep, this breast is pierc'd like thine;
 “ These lips have drunk affliction's bitter tide;
 “ These eyes with kindred tears already shine;
 “ For sorrow's bleeding heart is pity's sacred shrine.”

“ I know thee not, yet see thee lov'd and great,”
Exclaim'd the guest—“ the shepherd of thy fold,
“ Art thou partaker then of adverse fate ?”
A smother'd groan ALASHTAR's feelings told ;
And, “ by the rank,” he cried, “ that mortals hold
“ Their wealth, their honours, e'en the look they shew,
“ Judge not the heart within :—he must unfold
“ The mazes of the soul, who seeks to know
“ Our true, our real lot, of happiness or woe.”

“ Chief! I have lost my all—as much alone
“ Art thou in cheerless life ?” return'd the guest,
“ She, she, the sun-beam of my day, is gone,
“ And all is darkness now :—in Syria's breast
“ My all of bliss, my hopes, my treasure, rest.—
“ That treasure lost, I loath'd the alter'd land
“ That from her presence all its charm possest,
“ And, calling back to thought the realms of sand,
“ I sought the Desert's plain, and join'd the traitor band.

- “ For not to Syrian race I owe my birth,—
“ The Desert’s true-born son—compell’d to fly
“ With her I lov’d, I left this native earth,
“ And breath’d for years beneath a foreign sky :
“ Such was the written will of Destiny.
“ From home and friends an eager flight I bent,
“ Led by the guiding ray of beauty’s eye,
“ And pitch’d on Lebanon my wand’ring tent,
“ Safe on the fortress height—the home of banishment.
- “ This arm had slain a foe—nay—start not, Chief!
“ He robb’d me of my love!—paternal sway,
“ Cold and regardless of a daughter’s grief,
“ To might and riches gave the prize away;
“ But as the rival, on the marriage day,
“ Bore home my plighted maid, a chosen train,
“ To quell his pride, in secret ambush lay—
“ Beneath this arm he fell—Oh! triumph vain,
“ The Bride I won is lost, may ne’er be mine again.

“ Oh! thou for whom I cast aside my name—

“ Oh! thou for whom my native land I fled—

“ For whom I bore the burning mark of shame,

“ Shunning the stern avenger of the dead,

“ Oh! would I shar'd thy cold and peaceful bed!”

Like palm-tree, bent beneath the wintry wind,

Trembled ALASHTAR'S form—for wild and dread

The rushing thoughts, the horrors undefin'd,

Wak'd by the stranger's words, that flash'd across his mind.

Silent he stood, for speech refus'd to flow ;

At length fierce struggles way for utt'rance found ;

Yet scarce he said, in hurried voice and low,

“ Stranger, reveal thy name.”—“ On Arab ground

“ 'Twas once MOHAREB!”—At the hated sound,

The fatal hinge of all his destinies,

Like one transfix'd by sudden mortal wound,

ALASHTAR started back ; before his eyes

The object of his search, the hidden serpent lies!

Wond'ring MOHAREB saw the troubled mien,
 The pale and quiv'ring lip, the redden'd eye;
 And, "thus," he cried, "is mild compassion seen?
 "Is this the look of promis'd sympathy?"
 Wild, bursting forth the phrenzied Chief's reply
 Struck on his soul. "Oh! ting'd with bloody stain;
 "Oh! thou who bad'st thy hapless rival die;
 "Expect not now compassion's meed to gain,
 "ALASHTAR at thy side; the brother of the slain!"

Sprung from his couch, as if without an ill,
 MOHAREB (gush'd his op'ning wounds anew);
 "Amongst the sons of AD? no—distant still
 "The unforgotten border-line they drew—
 "These the avoided tents?—the hostile crew?—
 "ALASHTAR, thou?"—"The sons of AD are here.
 "On scent of prey, from distant home we flew;
 "And AGIB's name, resounded in thine ear,
 "Shall dissipate the doubt, and prove th' Avenger near."

Now (for ALASHTAR's phrenzy, heard without,
Through all the camp had scatter'd swift dismay)
Rush'd to their Emir's tent the Arab rout,
"Behold MOHAREB!" triumph's lurid ray
Illum'd each face, as wonder sunk away.
Mov'd by remembrance of ALASHTAR's woe,
"Revenge;" the voices clamour'd, "smite and slay!"
Fierce DARAN's voice provok'd the righteous blow,
"Now take our Chief his due; the life-blood of his foe!"

Pale from his recent wound, but undeprest,
MOHAREB stood with lifted front elate;
The lion thus, whom hunters close invest,
Glares on the circling host; and "welcome, fate!"
He cried; "ALASHTAR! flesh the steel of hate!
"Yet, ere I fall, that never brand of shame
"On one of SAAD's free-born race may wait,
"Mark, that himself to save from vengeful aim,
"MOHAREB never fled, or veil'd his father's name.

“ At ZEINEB’s prayer, with ZEINEB’s self he fled,

“ Seduc’d and won by timid beauty’s tear,

“ Who, had he for himself alone to dread,

“ Had met thee hand to hand, and spear to spear,

“ And then defied thee, as he braves thee here.”

Flew to his sword ALASHTAR’s eager hand,

And seem’d MOHAREB’s fated moment near ;

But, potent still his fury to command,

ALASHTAR slow replac’d the half unsheathed brand.

“ MOHAREB ! for revolving years,” he cried,

“ ALASHTAR’s soul has long’d to meet his foe.

“ In search of thee, he travers’d regions wide,

“ The plains of flame, the distant heights of snow ;

“ And now this sword might give the final blow.

“ But thou hast shar’d my tent—a man distrest—

“ And therefore safe : e’en vengeance must forego

“ His bloody right, the steel of hate must rest ;

“ Sacred the stranger’s claim—secure ALASHTAR’s
guest !”

He spoke ; high sounding from the circling band
The murmurs deep of sullen anger swell'd ;
“ Preserve him now ?—restrain the vengeful hand ?—
“ Oh ! woman-hearted Chief ! if vainly held
“ ALASHTAR'S sword, by us be ruffians quell'd !”
And DARAN rush'd to strike ; but, fix'd between,
Th' indignant Chief his desperate horde repell'd,
MOHAREB'S guardian shield ; nor vainly seen
The menace of his arm, and terrors of his mien.

Then, to his foe—“ henceforth exempt from fear,
“ MOHAREB rest ; if unremov'd his hate,
“ ALASHTAR still remains thy fortress here :
“ Believe his word—and here securely wait
“ Till art shall bid those pangs of thine abate,
“ Which art can heal ; then half ALASHTAR'S train
“ To SAAD'S tents shall guard thy lonely fate.
“ While we, diverging o'er the southern plain,
“ At length our distant homes, and border-line regain.

“ Hereafter must we meet : I see thee brave,
“ And therefore trustful at the combat place
“ Shall wait, where one of us must find a grave.
“ Poorly aveng’d were **SORAB**’s injur’d race,
“ Poorly remov’d **ALASHTAR**’s long disgrace,
“ Smote he a feeble foe :—three moons shall fade,
“ And wonted force **MOHAREB**’s sinews brace,
“ Or e’er we join the sharp and deadly blade ;
“ Then come the battle on ; be vengeance then allay’d.”

“ Decide we now !” **MOHAREB** cried, but weak,
And powerless, as he mov’d, exhausted fell ;
“ Hereafter then,” he scarce had voice to speak,
Slowly uprais’d, “ these careless limbs rebel
“ And fail me now.” Restor’d and cherish’d well
Again the spent **MOHAREB** turn’d to rest,
And seem’d as in a brother’s tent to dwell.—
ALASHTAR true, and watchful o’er his guest,
Himself each want supplied, and danger still repress.

Nor long or ere, refresh'd and freed from pain,
MOHAREB, not alone, began his way;
Then struck the band their tents; then mov'd again
The joyous troop, impatient of delay;
The shout of pleasure hail'd the parting day.
Sagacious of the path where, vast and wide,
Trackless as Ocean's breast the Desert lay,
Onward they sped; at night their ruling guide
As erst to seaman's course, the starry host supplied.

How fair is night to Arab rover's eyes!
What though alone the dreary waste he dare,
Companion'd still he feels, so gemm'd the skies
With myriad habitants, that, sparkling there,
Discomfit darkness, making all the air
One living blaze: nor cloud nor vapour chill
Obscures the azure vault; but harmless flare
The meteor lights that seem to rove at will—
Oh! fair is eastern night; so cool, so bright, so still.

Three days the band advanc'd ; a fearful sign
The fourth reveal'd—th' horizon, thick and red,
Announc'd the Desert's storm—the wrath divine
Sounds in the blast, and fierce and dark, and dread,
The rushing progress of the tempest sped ;
Heap'd into waves, the sandy ocean, riven,
Tumbles convuls'd, and rises from its bed—
The Desert moves ; and, lash'd by winds of heav'n,
A curtain dark of death across the wild is driven.

Trembling the band survey'd the storm's advance—
ALASHTAR trembled not ; but, gazing round,
Fix'd on the cloud a wild, indignant glance :
“ Comes then destruction when the foe is found ?—
“ Shall vengeance fail ?” he cried, “ nor mortal wound
“ Repay MOHAREB ?” but the written doom
Decreed not this ALASHTAR's vital bound :
The veering tempest turn'd the coming gloom,
And bore to other plains the army's sandy tomb.

Rescued from fate, the scarce-recover'd train
 Beneath the sun advanc'd; but soon descried
A palmy island rising from the plain :
 Arriv'd at length, the Desert's secret tide
 They found, to all but Arab eyes denied.
The tents are pitch'd; they chas'd the thoughts of fear;
 And, hunger's dictates briefly satisfied,
The social ring they form, and pause to hear
Tradition's oral tale, to Arab circle dear.

Again they mov'd, or ere the East was red,
 And left the level sand—the morning's light
Reveal'd the rocks, the toiling camel's dread.
 But here, though hill and dell arose to sight,
 Still mourn'd the region, curs'd by nature's blight;
Stern Desolation's standard, still unfur'd,
 Shadow'd each stony vale and barren height—
It seem'd as refluent ocean, backward curl'd,
Had ceded to mankind a new and dreary world.

Now, glancing past the windings of the rock,
They open'd on a bay of secret land,
Where herbage, coarse and thin, supplied the flock.
Oh! welcome sight to journey-wearied band!
The tents of AD in those recesses stand.
Then thunder'd forth the cries of victory,
Return'd by welcome shout and waving hand;
Long parted friends to friends' embraces fly;
And triumph beams around, and pleasure's sparkling eye.

And one there was, a tender graceful maid,
Returning from the Desert's scanty spring—
Her weighty pitcher on the ground she laid—
And, darting forwards, on affection's wing
Flew, round a brother's manly form to cling.
She saw him smile, him erst the son of woe,
And blest the change that time had power to bring—
“ZORA, my sister, let thy triumph flow!
“Rejoice,” ALASHTAR cried, “discover'd is the foe!”

CANTO III.

How sweet is woman's love, is woman's care!
When struck and shatter'd in the stormy hour
We droop forlorn; and man, with stoic air,
Neglects, or roughly aids; then, rob'd in power,
Then Nature's angel seeks the mourner's bower.
How blest her smile that gives the soul repose!
How blest her voice, that, like the genial shower
Pour'd on the desert, gladdens as it flows,
And cheers the sinking heart, and conquers half our woes!

Nought, save the magic sound of ZORA's voice,
Might ever calm ALASHTAR's fix'd despair ;
And she, deciding with a steadfast choice,
Regardless of the charms that were her share,
(Of darkly beaming eyes and raven hair,
The cypress form its graceful height that rears ;)
Deaf to the suitor's oft-repeated prayer,
ZORA resign'd the pride of beauty's years
To sooth a brother's lot, whom misery endears.

She, like ALASHTAR, mourn'd a brother slain,
But ZORA bade her sorrows seem to sleep ;
And, bent alone to sooth ALASHTAR's pain,
Smil'd in his presence, and withdrew to weep ;
And, when she saw the cloud of passion sweep
Dark o'er ALASHTAR's brow, when rankling hate
Drove to his heart the goading arrow deep, ,
Fix'd at his side would ZORA fondly wait,
And press his burning cheek, and bid the storm abate !

Or, when in milder sorrow's thoughtful gloom,
ALASHTAR sat, absorb'd in waking dream;
Then ZORA, bending o'er her Arab loom,
Or spreading fruits to catch the sunny beam,
Alone on maiden's task intent would seem;
The while her eye would dart its cheerful ray;
Her voice would fall like ear-refreshing stream;
Artful, but innocent, her looks that play,
And from himself at length the mourner steal away.

In earlier years how blest the little race,
The branches green of SORAB'S rising tree!
Then AGIB liv'd, and, in that happy space,
The loving brothers ne'er apart would be;
ZORA, their queen, in playful infancy.
Anon they watch'd the herd, together still,
And daily ZORA, blithest of the three,
Would bring the pitcher from the distant rill,
And o'er their parched lips the precious drops distil.

Hunters ere long, each gallant stripling sought
One kindred end—how mounted AGIB's pride,
Who first her tame gazel to ZORA brought;
How blest ALASHTAR, when at ZORA's side
He plac'd the wild bird's plume. Oh! years that glide
On downy pinion! could the youthful mind
The page of written fate have then descried,
How had they started back—amaz'd to find
A world so darkly false, that wore a face so kind!

Oh! thou deceiver life, how brightly gay
Thy future scenes on youthful fancies rise,
Till cold experience draws the veil away,
And, drest in all its dread realities,
Dark in our sight the blighted prospect lies:
So from afar the faithless deserts shew
Ideal lakes to cheat the pilgrim's eyes;
Thirsting he toils across the plains that glow,
And finds a waste of sand, where waters seem'd to flow.—

With sinking heart did tender ZORA hear
That undiscern'd the foe no longer rov'd ;
Dread was ALASHTAR's joy—his smile severe
Shew'd that the combat was not far remov'd,
Shew'd danger near to all that ZORA lov'd.
Could she regret ALASHTAR's day of shame ?
His day of anguish ?—ZORA's heart reprov'd
The selfish thought that still arose the same,
And all unhing'd her soul as on the trial came.

Now ZORA nightly mark'd the warning ray
That linger'd in the sky—for ZORA knew
What deeds awaited on the orb's decay.
Knew that, before another crescent grew,
One heart must cease to beat—her alter'd hue
The anguish of a sister's soul betray'd.
And darksome were the scenes that fancy drew,
When in her sight ALASHTAR's hand display'd
The bold Avenger's steel, the consecrated blade.

The moon is dark in heav'n—the morrow's light
 Leads forth ALASHTAR—now at AGIB's tomb
He prays alone, and gives to silent night
 ' The yearnings of his soul—through storm and gloom,
 Lo! sorrow's daughter—fear-struck ZORA come!
There on the sandy mound, to her how dear!
 She kneels, all desolate in beauty's bloom,
Pauses ALASHTAR's troubled voice to hear,
Her lips without a sigh—her eyes without a tear!

“AGIB!” ALASHTAR's voice exulting cried,
 “ To-morrow, and the fated blood shall flow!
“ To-morrow, and this sword, in crimson dyed,
 “ Shall give thee vengeance—oft restrain'd and slow,
 “ How longs a brother's arm to reach thy foe!
“ Sister of AGIB! triumph for his sake,
 “ Who, unappeased, sleeps in dust below;
“ Oh! might the tenant of the tomb awake,
 “ The joys of vengeance share, the crimson cup partake.”

Then ZORA struggled with her grief in vain—

“ Alas ! the hand, that made us mourners here,

“ To-morrow strikes at SORAB’s race again !

“ Oh ! last of SORAB’s sons !”—“ Unworthy fear !

“ Shall not ALASHTAR well become his bier,

“ If not alone he fall ?—is life his care ?

“ Be red the foe’s, if red ALASHTAR’s spear !”

Then ZORA shriek’d, and tore her streaming hair,

“ Oh ! clos’d be ZORA’s eyes, if heard ALASHTAR’s
prayer !”

That frantic voice ALASHTAR’s soul o’ercame—

“ Daughter of misery, would ZORA’s sight

“ Contented gaze upon a brother’s shame ?

“ Oh ! no—nor think, who rushes on the fight

“ Cuts short his day—on Eden’s guarded height

“ Does not the book our destinies display ?

“ Our doom is written ere we see the light ;

“ Man only falls on fate’s appointed day ;

“ That hour no mortal act can hasten, or delay.”

“ Alas ! what eye foresees the destin’d close ?
“ Fate moves in darkness ! ” in the East display’d,
Shone warning blushes ; SORAB’S son arose—
“ AGIB ! I go ! ” the agonized maid,
(Who, scarcely-conscious, passively obey’d,)
ALASHTAR to the tent in silence led ;
Then, seizing Arab lance, and shining blade,
Rush’d forth, as night’s retiring shadows fled,
Summon’d a scanty train, and on to vengeance sped.

Twice had the morning left the eastern gate ;
Still ZORA, torn by doubt’s corroding woe,
Nor saw the warrior more, nor heard his fate.
Oh ! worst of agonies—Oh ! not to know
If struck, or shunn’d, the deprecated blow !
Still ZORA, station’d on the topmost height,
Watchful survey’d the Desert’s track below ;
At length, as sunk the third receding light,
The slow-returning band arose on ZORA’S sight.

Moment of breathless hope and breathless fear !
Lives, lives ALASHTAR ?—from her airy post,
(Swift in her passage as the bounding deer,)
ZORA descended—yet in distance lost
Th' uncertain features of the coming host
Escap'd her gaze—their slow and mournful pace,
Their silence, deep and still, disturb'd her most.
Nearer they come—his very form—his face :—
He lives !—Oh ! precious sight for ZORA's eye to trace !

Forwards the maid with beating bosom sprung ;
They meet—Oh ! meeting how unlike the last !
'Twas he—but tempest on his forehead hung :
ZORA he saw—but, darkly shudd'ring, cast
His mantle o'er his face, then hurried past,
Careless of ZORA's voice :—the silent train
Spurr'd their impetuous steeds and follow'd fast ;
On each the weeping sister call'd in vain,
But dim was HASSAN's eye, and DARAN smil'd disdain.

Is it a vision, by delusion sent ?

Does ZORA wake ?—a form of senseless stone
Awhile she stands, then rushes to the tent.

There sat ALASHTAR, thoughtful, and alone—
“ Oh ! speak ! 'tis ZORA ;” one oppressive groan
Burst from ALASHTAR's soul, and gave reply.

On ZORA then, as one unlov'd, unknown,
He fix'd the wildness of his vacant eye ;
Unanswer'd saw her weep, unanswer'd heard her sigh.

Frantic she hurried forth, and sought the train ;

“ Friends of ALASHTAR ! tear aside the veil !

“ Oh ! save a bursting heart, and mad'ning brain !”

But DARAN answer'd, “ Let the weak bewail !

“ Well may the mild, the woman-hearted fail.”

“ Insulter ! thus on misery to tread !”

Cried HASSAN, “ ZORA, hear the bitter tale !

“ Daughter of SOBAB ! still the injur'd dead

“ Sleep unreveng'd—the coward foe has fled !”

Then ZORA knew the agony of shame

That bound ALASHTAR, and an icy chill
Shot to her heart, and quiver'd through her frame.

Speechless awhile—at length—“ Let ALLAH fill

“ The bitter cup, and work his holy will—

“ Blessed be ALLAH's name—now HASSAN trace

“ The thread of woe : for ZORA's heart is still—

“ Oh ! wherefore, Fate ! reserve for SORAB's race

“ Ills sharper than the sword—the worst of ill, dis-
grace ?”

“ Like eagles darting on their distant prey,

“ We flew,” said HASSAN, “to the appointed ground :

“ ALASHTAR cloud and gloom had cast away—

“ A guest he seem'd to marriage banquet bound ;

“ No foeman, bent on blood—about, around,

“ Searching the host, he cast his eager glance—

“ He rais'd his voice—the rocks return'd the sound—

“ Then all was still—nor distant troop's advance

“ Broke on the boundless plain, or glitter'd distant lance:

“ Dark and more dark ALASHTAR’s brow became—
 “ Restless, from spot to spot, from height to height
 “ He wheel’d his course, till died the western flame—
 “ Vain all his search:—at day’s departing light
 “ We pil’d the blaze, to guide MOHAREB’s sight.
 “ Sleepless, ALASHTAR pac’d from side to side;
 “ Now fancied sounds of horsemen through the night;
 “ Then paus’d—but stillness hush’d the Desert wide,
 “ Save when the breezes past, or lone hyæna cried.

“ At morn’s return, how wild ALASHTAR’s look!
 “ ‘Seek we,’ he cried, ‘this traitor’s hiding place—
 “ He comes not here!’ Our onward way we took,
 “ And reach’d at eve the tents of SAAD’s race.—
 “ ‘Are SAAD’s sons protectors, of disgrace?
 “ Hide ye the skulking traitor’s recreant head?’
 “ ‘Nor are ourselves, nor is MOHAREB base—
 “ Two suns have set since hence our brother sped
 “ To meet ALASHTAR’s sword, the foeman’s blood to
 shed.’

“ ‘Two suns have set?—he flies!’ ALASHTAR cried—
“ ‘We watch’d in vain—the spot MOHAREB knew;
“ The slave, the coward, flies!’ Insulted pride
“ Fir’d ev’ry heart—the sons of SAAD drew
“ An hundred swords, and on ALASHTAR flew:
“ Then turn’d our Chief, nor gleam’d his sword in vain;
“ They shrunk—ALASHTAR and his comrades true
“ Unhurt through hosts their desperate passage gain,
“ Spur their undaunted steeds, and bound across the plain.

“ But never, since the battle’s stormy hour,
“ Has stern ALASHTAR rais’d his drooping head—
“ The flight was clear—the foe beyond his power—
“ Silent he rode, and o’er his visage dread
“ Shame and despair a pale dominion spread,
“ Wrath and confusion;—now he clench’d his hand;
“ Now mutter’d curses deep on him who fled;
“ Now groan’d aloud—the boldest of the band
“ Nor durst approach his track, nor in his presence stand.”

“ Oh ! what may now console him ? ” ZORA cried ;
“ The scorpion sting—destruction to the brave—
“ Shame goads his heart. Oh ! constant at his side
“ Shall ZORA wait, explore each art to save,
“ Sustain his spirit, or partake his grave ! ”
And ZORA turn'd to go—when, rushing near,
Mounted; ALASHTAR came, and warning gave
In these departing words,—“ Expect me here
“ When the assassin's blood has dyed th' avenging spear.

“ Till then ALASHTAR is in exile gone ! ”
He spoke ; nor pausing further word to say,
Past, like a meteor's flame. “ Oh ! not alone,”
Cried frantic ZORA, “ let ALASHTAR stray :
“ HASSAN ! conduct him back ; pursue his way :
“ Their's is the lot of anguish who remain ! ”
ALASHTAR's friends, impatient of delay,
Leapt on their coursers, and along the plain
Pursu'd their Emir's track—his track of wrath and pain.

ALASHTAR saw them come, nor stay'd, nor spoke,
Reckless of friend or foe : the faithful band
Observ'd his course aloof, nor silence broke.
The sun shot level on the burning sand ;
But Shame's severer flame, and hotter brand,
Smote on ALASHTAR's breast, and urg'd his speed.
He sought beneath no shading rock to stand ;
He past the well, nor would its treasures heed,
Though parch'd his fever'd lip, and faint his panting steed.

All, all was hush'd beneath the blazing sky ;
The very lizard fled the scorching gleam :—
Sudden, a distant troop the band descri ;
Nor less in desperate haste the strangers seem ;
Nor less regardless of the noon-tide beam—
They come—by whom, what chieftain, are they led ?
Does fortune smile, or does ALASHTAR dream ?
Near and more near the rapid horsemen sped—
Lo ! SAAD's eager sons—MOHAREB at their head !

Red flash'd the lightning from ALASHTAR's eyes—
 As famish'd lion from his dreaded lair,
 Forward th' Avenger springs, and distant cries—
 “ Coward, well met—behold thee in the snare
 “ Thou sought'st to shun—now tremble, now despair,
 “ Not flight itself can baffle vengeance more.”
 The foe rush'd on—“ that sword I come to dare ;”
 (Nor shame nor terror on his brow he wore ;)
 “ Thy vengeance I defy—nor sought to shun before.”

“ Oh ! false as base !” in fury and disdain,
 ALASHTAR cried ; but check'd his fierce career ;
 “ What new device shall screen thy fame again ?
 “ Speak, and be brief.” “ ALASHTAR ! not by fear,
 “ But chance, withheld, I fail'd to meet thy spear.
 “ Advancing, on the battle's eve, we slept
 “ By SHEDAD's well, the place of combat near—
 “ Unseen, their watch the sons of CALED kept,
 “ And seiz'd us in the night, and into bondage swept !

- “ They seiz’d us unawares, and bore away
“ To CALED’s tents, the tents of grief and shame—
“ And, if, ALASHTAR, on the battle day
“ Thy wrath arose—believe my wrath the same;
“ I knew reproach would dare assault my fame.
“ Jewels and gold I promis’d; told my tale;
“ Implor’d; but, till the ransom-camels came,
“ Vain all my grief, my prayers without avail:
“ They mock’d my powerless rage, and left me to bewail.
- “ In death my fury thought to seek repose;
“ But hope this blissful moment gave to view,
“ And check’d my desperate hand; at length the foes
“ Receiv’d their price; and, freedom scarce he knew,
“ Ere to redeem his pledge, MOHAREB flew.
“ Now, Chieftain! be the game of death begun,
“ And crimson be the reeking weapon’s hue:
“ Clear is the spotless fame of SAAD’s son;
“ Let fate decide the rest, and ALLAH’s will be done.

“ Then art thou still ALASHTAR’s fit compeer !”
Return’d the Chief; “ a vile and trembling slave
“ Had ill-appeas’d revenge—decide we here ;
“ Decide we now—indifferent to the brave
“ The place, the moment that prepares a grave.”
“ Advance,” MOHAREB cried, “ stand either train
“ Afar—nor interpose to aid or save—
“ Be life the stake, and may this steel, again,
“ Receive in SORAB’s blood an honourable stain.”

“ Thus AGIB greets thee !” cried the rushing Chief:
The moment gain’d that was his being’s aim ;
Long baffled vengeance, long collected grief,
Fan the wild fury of th’ avenging flame ;
While doubted worth, and long o’erclouded name,
Urg’d on the rapid foe ; what eager eye,
That saw the progress of the deathful game,
Nor for a moment clos’d ?—what bosom by
That beat with even pulse, nor lost its constancy ?

Thunders the earth beneath the trampling steeds,
As either horseman shuns or aims the lance,
Nor yet ALASHTAR nor his rival bleeds ;
At length MOHAREB's weapon, aim'd askance,
Struck on ALASHTAR's arm ; with burning glance,
Th' indignant Chieftain, furious from the wound,
Spurr'd on amain ; but, powerless to advance,
Spent with o'erlengthen'd toil, an utmost bound
ALASHTAR's courser tried, and sunk upon the ground.

✓The gallant foe (disdaining to engage
In fight unequal) swift to earth descends.—
The combat mingles with redoubled rage !
Soon trembled at their post ALASHTAR's friends ;
For o'er his weaken'd foe MOHAREB bends
In act to strike ; but now the loosen'd sand,
As strive the twain afoot, in clouds ascends,
And veils each warrior from the observant band ;
Stiff'ning in dread suspense, the doubtful squadrons stand.

Silent the awful pause ; still nought is seen,
 Save the chance glitter of the lifted blade ;
 Nought heard, save iron clash of weapons keen ;
 Each squadron mute—the bravest heart dismay'd :
 At length a falling crash, a groan convey'd
 Death's awful sign—the din of swords is o'er—
 Loosen'd no more, the sand withdraws its shade—
 Who, who may triumph ?—Lo ! outstretch'd in gore
 MOHABEE'S lifeless corse—ALASHTAR, conqueror !

In shouts the sons of AD their joy exprest,
 And hurried to their Chief—but short their glee,
 For gush'd the life-blood from ALASHTAR'S breast—
 And yielding now, and sinking on his knee,
 Th' exhausted victor falls. Oh ! stern decree !
 Oh ! fatal doom that crops the victor's wreath !
 Oh ! latest branch of SOERAB'S wither'd tree !
 Upheld in HASSAN'S arms he pants for breath,
 But scarce regards the wound, and smiles at coming
 death.

“Revenge is mine!” exclaim’d th’ exulting Chief—

“The son of SORAB has not liv’d in vain,

“And dies content—his soul has known relief—

“Here end the feud—nor ye, ye faithful train,

“Renew the vengeance for ALASHTAR slain;

“Henceforth in peace let AD and SAAD join—

“HASSAN! be ZORA’s shield! that pang again!

“Death! I condemn thee now—revenge is mine”—

He spoke : dark AZRAEL came, and gave the fatal sign!



NOTES TO PHROSYNE.

By him his mistress must remain unseen,
Though years in curst succession intervene.

THIS custom is still kept up in many parts of Greece. It seems to have been adopted from the Turks, who carry the absurdity still further, and never behold the faces of their wives before the marriage day. The previous negotiations are carried on by the female relations on either side. The Christians of Egypt and of the Asiatic part of the Turkish empire have completely adopted the manners of their masters; but the Greeks of Turkey in Europe restrict the interdict to the interval between the day of being betrothed and that of marriage.

The crowns suspended o'er thy bride and thee.

In Greece the nuptial party walk in procession to church, and crowns of flowers, fixed to the end of four long sticks, are suspended over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, and supported by four of their friends.

NOTES TO ALASHTAR.

Children of Ishmael!—

THE Arabs consider Ishmael as their common progenitor.

————— the sweet, poetic maid

The fondness of the Arabs for the Muse is no where better illustrated, than in Sir William Jones's beautiful *Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern nations*.

—— bade the wind-outstripping falcon fly;

Hawking is one of the amusements of the Deserts.—In this way the Arabs often hunt the gazel and the ostrich. The hawk settles itself upon the head of these animals, and terrifies them by flapping its wings in their eyes, which impedes their progress, and allows the hunters time to come up.

————— Brusa's magic mound,

There is an eminence, near Brusa (formerly Prusias, the capital of ancient Bythinia), which commands as beautiful a

view as can well be imagined, of the plain, the forest, the city, and of the Asiatic Olympus, which serves as a back-ground to the picture.

Or all Istambol's towery pride survey.

Istambol—Constantinople, of which the view from the sea is one of the finest in the world.

The true-bred courser—

The Arabs divide their horses into two classes—the Kadischi and the Kochlani—the latter is the valuable race; the name implies horses whose genealogy has been written for 2,000 years; and the Arabs pretend that the breed originally came from the stables of Solomon.—*Niebuhr*.

————— the tamarisk spray—

The Tamarisk is one of the few shrubs that are seen near the wells of the Desert.

————— Cashmere's palampore.

The Cashmere shawl.

And shame's detested mark the chieftain brand,
Whose arm has not aveng'd.—

L'intérêt de la sureté commune a dès long-temps établi chez

les Arabes une loi générale qui veut que le sang de tout homme tué soit vengé par celui de son meurtrier ;—c'est ce qu'on appelle le Tar ou Talion.—Ce droit en est devolu au plus proche parent du mort :—son honneur devant tous les Arabes y est tellement compromis, que s'il néglige de prendre son Talion, il est à jamais déshonoré.—*Voyage en Syrie de Volney.*

Fair is the Syrian Queen—

Damascus.

Rise from thy fiery bed, Simoom, arise!

The pestilential hot wind of the Desert, which suffocates men and beasts :—the only way to avoid its effects, is to fall down flat, and to bury the face, as much as possible, in the sand.

His turban red
Of Syrian form.

The forms of the turban vary in the several countries of the East :—that of Syria is much larger and more raised in front than the Turkish turban ;—the turban of the Arabs is generally white, and rolled round the head in the simplest and most expeditious manner.

No Rayah tame.

Rayah—a Christian slave.

Celestial charity!—

Charity is here used in its largest sense, and is meant to imply general and active benevolence towards suffering humanity, not restricted to the mere act of giving money.

And pitch'd on Lebanon—

Lebanon—the abode of the Druses, who receive fugitives with open arms.

Sagacious of the path—

The keen eye and long experience of the Arabs render them able to recognize their route with certainty in the midst of deserts, which, to a stranger, offer neither path nor features whereby the proper direction could be remembered. The Arabs are acquainted with every rock or large stone, or variety of ground; and, with these slender aids, are able to regulate their course, for hundreds of miles, with unerring precision. The same faculty seems to be possessed by the American tribes.

A palmy island—

In the desert a few palm-trees usually surround and designate the spots where there is water.

Tradition's oral Tale—

When the Arabs of the Desert have completed their day's

march, have pitched their tents, and fed their camels, they light a fire, squat round it in a circle, and pass the evening in listening, with the most serious attention, to Tales, like those of the Arabian Nights, which one of the party relates in turns.

It seem'd as reflux ocean—

In parts of Arabia Petræa, the face of the country exhibits, not a flat plain of sand, but a succession of valleys, enclosed between rocky mountains:—all is equally barren. The valleys are covered with stones, pebbles, and gravel, and resemble the dry beds of rivers. In the highest, as well as the lowest, parts of the sides of the mountains, the rocks are often honey-combed and fretted, as it should seem, by the gradual operation of water; and horizontal strata are seen of a softer stone, interspersed with round pebbles, which have become a part of the mass. The whole region bears the appearance of having been once, and for a length of time, covered by the waves.

On spreading fruits—

To spread dates in the sun, in order to dry them, is one of the usual employments of the wives and daughters of the Bedouins.

Anon they watch'd the herd,—

The patriarchal manners are preserved amongst the Arabs in all their simplicity.—The sons of the Sheik take care of the flocks, and his daughters fetch water from the well.

—— her tame gazel——

The Arabs are not insensible to the external advantages of this little antelope. Its grace, the size and expression of its eye, and its timidity, supply them with images in illustration of female beauty. Gazels are often kept tame by the Arabs, in their tents and houses.

—— the wild bird's plume——

The feathers of the ostrich.

So from afar——

The optical deception of the Mirage, so common in hot climates, is sufficiently known.

—— the consecrated blade.

It is customary to inscribe a verse from the Koran on the blades of scimitars, which is supposed to give them the virtues of a talisman.

Our doom is written——

“ The 6th article of Mahometan belief is, that every thing that has, or will come to pass, has been, from eternity, written on the preserved, or secret table, which is a white stone of immense largeness, in heaven, near the throne of God.”

Ockley's Life of Mahomet.

He sought beneath no shading rock to stand.

The Arabs, on a march, often take refuge from the heat, under the shade of a rock.—Detached rocks are frequently found scattered about the Deserts, and the Arabs are so sensible of their value, as to remember their exact situation.—Allusion to this image is made, more than once, by the inspired writers. Thus in Isaiah :—“The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

The very lizard—

All those who have been in hot countries will remember how fond the lizards are of exposing themselves on stones, walls, &c. to the hottest rays of the noon-day sun.

the ransom-camels—

The Arabs make their payments *in kind*, and purchase the liberty of their friends, when made prisoners by an hostile tribe, at the expense of a certain number of goats, sheep, or camels, according to the dignity of the captive.

FINIS.





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